

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

FADE IN:

OVER BLACK:

ANDERSON (V.O.)  
'Why do our conversations always  
seem to start like this...why  
do...'

Suddenly the camera pulls back and the black was the color of a man's suit, then eventually the scene. Credits appear on the screen in *Metal Gear Solid* Style.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - NIGHT - RAIN

A light rain is falling onto the three men. Two of them are in suits, the Man talking is ANDERSON, who is holding a gun to the head of KYLE HARBAUGH. Kyle is on his knees and looking forward, worried. In the middle but to the background is JONES.

CLOSE: JONES

He wipes a tear from his eye. And glares at Kyle. Scene Returns.

ANDERSON  
Huh? Answer me, why do our  
conversations always seem to start  
like this you fuck.

Anderson pistol whips Kyle whose head whips down. He's either crying, or it's the rain.

JONES  
What? What, are you crying? Your  
soul, Kyle Harbaugh, weeps... but  
it's all lies, as Anderson has  
revealed.

KYLE  
You freaks! You don't understand,  
I, I just wanted to make people  
happy with my film festival.

Anderson in anger puts down the gun to begin his rant.

ANDERSON

Happy you fuck? Don't you know what it's like being an independent filmmaker then having some hot shit come along telling what to do. I'm a fucking artist. And demand co-screenwriting credit for thinking up two lousy lines!

Anderson points and aims the gun at Kyle's head once again.

ANDERSON

You sir, got greedy.

ANGLE: WIDE

Silence except for the rain falling in slow motion. The three are Jones is making some weird sobbing noises.

KYLE

What's the matter with him?

ANDERSON

Jones, well he expected more from you Mr. Harbaugh. Not two lines that took you 2 seconds to shit out.

JONES

You piece of shit as if \$15 dollars wasn't enough, but co-screenwrite...

Jones walks up and kicks Kyle down.

CLOSE: KYLE'S FACE LYING IN THE MUD

Or not. I think maybe have Jones step and press Kyle's face into the mud then removes leg.

ANDERSON

You have committed sins against your comrades.

CLOSE: KYLE IN THE MUD

Anderson's leg comes into frame and pushes Kyle onto his back, facing Anderson and Jones.

ANDERSON

Did it hurt? Huh? You fuck, tell me... did it fucking hurt? Huh? What?

Kyle just stutters, he's in shocked and can't form any words.

ANDERSON

ANSWER ME, (cocks gun) Did it hurt you when the shit spilled off your mouth? Fuck your lines.

CLOSE: KYLE'S SHOCKED FACE

He begins to stutter again. Scene returns. Jones picks up Kyle's face and looks right at him close...in an uncomfortable sort of way.

JONES

Shh...Can you hear it? The lonely reaper is calling out for you. He thirsts for your blood. I want you to hear him before we send the bullet into you head.

KYLE

You can take me out but know this: You misunderstand my intentions. I just wanted to make people happy, who cares who gets co-screenwriting credit even though they didn't do anything, who cares about using two shitty lines. Does it even really matter? I just wanted people to have fun and get off their asses and make movies. Not to get kidnapped by two sick fucks and possibly be killed.

Anderson pulls the gun out and laughs.

ANDERSON

Well, there's one thing you didn't count on...

BAM!

FADE TO BLACK.

**Alternate Ending**

Instead of BAM, the clicking sound that means one word. Empty gun. Black. In Bright white letters, CO-WROTE BY KYLE HARBAUGH.